The Winds of Berk

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Summary: After the Red Death fell, his life became infinitely better. But a part of his past haunts him until he confronts it head on. Hiccup x Ruffnut Continuation to my previous story, The Sparks of Berk. Beware: Lemony at the end.

The Winds of Berk

Hiccup x Ruffnut Fanfic. This is horrifying. There's innuendo abound. There's hints of vampirism. There's sex at the end. There's so much horrible, bad stuff in this. I going straight to hell. However, I had so much fun writing this. Enjoy you all!

Inspired by andy-meatball from Deviantart.

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><p>The sun shined brightly in the clear, blue sky. Rays of light beamed down from the heavens, illuminating the dark ridges of the terrain. The brisk wind brushed over the landscape with its warm and gentle touch. Berk was teeming with vitality and regeneration. The time of early morning frolicking was upon the valley and village, filled with jest, turbulence, and perhaps a healthy bit of romance. Though a few dark clouds blot out the heartiness of the sun's loving embrace, the divine lights will always find a way to bring truth into clarity.<p>

Hiccup looked up at the serene yonder. His body was filled with great tranquility as the wind swept over his bare face and hands. The day was quiet, uneventful, but soothing. Sitting on the moors with a rock to his back, Hiccup took up his leather-bound sketchbook and looked to his right where his best friend and pet dragon laid on the grass.

"What do you think I should draw today, Toothless?" asked Hiccup to his reptilian comrade. Toothless, with a rather abject look of annoyance, simply snuffed.

"Yeah. Yeah. I know you don't care much for this kinda thing," Hiccup said as he twirled his charcoal pencil in his hands. "It's such a nice day after all. Perhaps we should go for a fly later. How's that sound?" Toothless turned his head toward his friend and pleasantly looked at him with wide starry eyes. Looking back at his dragon, Hiccup started rendering his companion's likeness. The Night Fury's contours were easy to follow and draw, taking little effort to create an uncanny resemblance. Only a few curved lines for the scales and a bit of shading in the eyes were needed to complete his fast and lucid sketch.

"How's that for you, Toothless?" asked Hiccup as he turned the sketchbook to face his friend. Toothless studied the picture for a moment, attempting to determine the form and intent. Hiccup couldn't help but be amused by the wide range of expressions that his dragon could pull off. Though Toothless was lacking in certain facial muscles, Hiccup could easily discern his friends change from bewilderment, as he tipped his head slightly, to surprise, as his dragon reeled back, to the I-think-its-good-but-I've-seen-better look, as Toothless half closed his eyes and lazily rested his jet black head on his jet black arms.

"Becoming an authority Toothless?" asked Hiccup playfully, rubbing his dragons head. "I'd like to see you do better." The dragon simply huffed indignantly at the thought that a fine reptilian specimen like himself couldn't draw articulate figures, pencil in mouth. Doubtful perhaps, but not impossible.

"Y'know Toothless. Let's just g-"

"Well if it isn't Hiccup," called a smooth talking voice from behind. "How's things goin?"

"Well enough Snotlout," replied Hiccup, turning his head to face his burly cousin. "Just relaxing in the open sun."

"Aww comon, Hiccup," remarked another voice from behind. "That's girly stuff. You gotta do manly stuff. Running, jumping, and gutting live animals for breakfast. Be less of a girl, Hiccup"

"Hey, be a little bit more considerate will you," Snotlout said nudging the lithe male Viking standing next to him. "His leg's still sore from back then."

Attention now drawn to Hiccup's left leg, he looked down at his prosthetic metal peg, a replacement for what he had lost following the defeat of the greater dragon, the Red Death. About the stump was wrapped several bandages to help with any bleeding and swelling. Since he was knocked unconscious during his descent after the battle, Hiccup was left in a state of shock at the lost of one of his appendages. His first steps with his new peg leg served as an undesirable awakening. Though most of the pain from the amputation was gone by the time he had rose from his bed, his flesh ached from the necessary healing needed before the fake limb would properly adhere to his stump. Only a few short weeks had passed since that day. Hiccup continually walked, ran, and applied pressure to his

swollen stump at any opportunity in attempts to ease him faster into working Viking society. A vain endeavor, to be sure. To this point, Hiccup could do everything he could asâ€¦well, Hiccup. From molding steel in the shop to riding his dragon, he was capable of doing anything he wanted to do. However, he couldn't sustain for too long, especially with his scars, and he needed rest to let his leg heal properly. His mentor Gobber warned that too much stress would simply lead to an open wound and a fresh helping of bone meal.

"Tuffnut, I've had my share of manly activities this morning," said Hiccup as the two other teens came into full view. The latter Viking hefted a rather large sack filled with something on his back. "Anymore today and my leg will have blood oozing from every imaginable orifice.

"Ewwâ€¦" said Tuffnut, reeling back a little from the thought. "Sounds girly. Unless I had blood spraying from my open chest as I died in a triumphant blaze of glory, I wouldn't be satisfied."

"We're in agreement then," replied Hiccup jokingly, rather amused at the blond Viking's perspective. "I'm not completely sure as to why we have to make the distinction between manly and girly blood spewing, but I'll trust you in that a manly death would be preferable. What's in the bag?" At the question, Tuffnut became energized. Hiccup, found his behavior curious, but wasn't so interested to want to know. That is, until Snotlout stepped in front of Hiccup with an incredibly pompous air.

"The spoils of the a morning's hunt," said Snotlout, patting the sack on Tuffnut's back. At his friend's boastfulness, the blonde Viking bounced up and down. Toothless, in typical Night Fury fashion, was intrigued.

"We went into the woods and became men," rasped Tuffnut as he took a step leaning into Hiccup, smiling deviously. "And we're gonna do it againâ€¦"

"Wellâ€¦" Hiccup started, leaning back a little from Tuffnut's indescribable odors. "Looks like you have quite the haul." He mulled over the heavy looking sack, wondering about their adventures in the woods, hunting various game, bringing home venison for dinner. While Hiccup wasn't keen on the manliness factor of the entire enterprise, he knew that he could definitely use a bit of work on his upper body, perhaps some spearwork. Without thinking much else about the logistics of going hunting, Hiccup asked, "Can I tag along?" Snotlout seemed a visibly distraught from the question. Tuffnut just seemed confused.

"You can't come with us Hiccup," Snotlout said bluntly.

"Why not?" Hiccup asked, confused at Snotlout's change in expression. Snotlout seemed to be thinking of a way to reply.

"It's too much action for you for one day," Snotlout replied, now sure. "You should take it easy on the manly stuff."

"Like I told you Snot. Hiccup can't handle the manliness. Although, you should've seen the carnage," exclaimed Tuffnut as he burst out, arms open, dropping the sack. Toothless' eyes followed as the sack

fell to the ground. "Leaves flying everywhere. Trees burnt to cindersâ€¦"

"You brought your dragons along?" Hiccup asked quizzically. "Don't you think that's a bit overkill?"

"Nonsense," stated Snotlout matter-of-factly, now seeming a bit more normal. "Real men bring their dragons." Unaware of Toothless' curiosity, the hyper masculine Vikings allowed the wayward dragon to wander next to their sack. While Snotlout and Tuffnut were describing their fabulous adventures to the lame legged recipient, the jet-black misanthrope managed to poke his nose through the hole in the sack, digging its head deeply into the sack's contents. Sniffing the contents of the sack, the dragon became disappointed. There was nothing of interest for a dragon, and Toothless quickly plucked his head out. Suffice to say, Toothless exhibited no care or tact and the contents of the sack spilled onto the ground. Small, brown dollops rolled across the moor. A puddle of the brown clumps gathered within the vicinity of the Vikings, causing Snotlout to stop mid-sentence leaving his mouth agape. Realizing that the brown gobs originated from the sack, Hiccup picked one up and examined the peculiar object. Smelling the cracked shell of one of the brown enigma, he was surprised as he recognized the aroma of the kernel.

"You guys went gathering hazelnuts?" Hiccup said with a confused look and a raised eyebrow. Snotlout looked at Tuffnut through his periphery, unsure of what to say in the awkward situation. "Why in the world would you guys go gathering nuts?"

"Well, y'seeâ€¦"Tuffnut started. "They're amazing. They're nice to eat. And, if I might add, it's a great way to keep in shape." Tuffnut seemed to be convinced that the last reason was especially poignant.

"Plusâ€¦"Snotlout chimed as he gathered himself. "They're a great source of protein."

"A great source of protein?" questioned Hiccup. The two blundering Vikings shook their heads in agreement. "Forgive me for saying this, but you are the last person I'd expect to hear that from. Not to say that there's anything wrong with gathering nuts."

"Of course there's nothing wrong," Tuffnut said. "There's nothing wrong with nuts."

"Yeah," Snotlout chimed in again. "We love hazelnuts! I'd eat them everyday if I could" Hiccup was at a loss for words at how to reply. The two teenage Vikings seemed set on their nut gathering adventures, and decided to let them be.

"I'm pretty sure it's not about what's gathered that matters so much than how you do it," Hiccup said with skepticism. "If you guys like nuts, more power to you."

"That's right." Snotlout rebounded. Snotlout then started gathering up the nuts that had been dropped onto the ground.

"Hey Hiccup," Tuffnut said. "You're really smart. Snotlout actually wanted to invite you along, but I convinced him that you wouldn't understand the great sport of nut gathering. But, now that we

understand each other, you can definitely come with us." Again, Snotlout seemed troubled.

"Thanks Tuff," Hiccup responded. "However, nut gathering is a bit too manly for my tastes. You guys can gather nuts by yourselves. I couldn't intrude."

"Well, suit yourself," Tuffnut said. He, too, also started gathering up the nuts, placing two of them in his mouth. Facing Hiccup again, he smiled obliviously. "Ofrers on tha tabule" Hiccup could only return a faint grin. He watched as the Snotlout and Tuffnut collected the rest of the fallen hazelnuts. The meatier of the two Vikings hailed his Nightmare and they both flew off, front to back, doubtless to pick more nuts. Hiccup didn't know whether or not he should have found out about their escapades or if he should have been left in the dark. Though they were definitely nicer to him than before the whole dragon business, they still kept to themselves, like he still wasn't suitably man enough for them. Snotlout was especially an enigma. Knowing that they were doing less than masculine activities didn't make Hiccup feel any better since that meant that they didn't consider him as one of them.

"I dunno Toothless," said Hiccup in his contemplation. "What do you think?" At this, Toothless nudged the open sketchbook on the ground. Unsure of what he was looking at, he looked at the page and realized that the drawing was not of his dragon. Instead, he saw a stylistically different rendering that he had only seen once in the past. Toothless had drawn a picture in his sketchbook during the conversation with the other Vikings. Taking up the book, he examined the form and noticed two figures, one rather large and muscular, and the other skinny and lean. Grinning widely, he realized that the depiction was of Snotlout and Tuffnut, the former patting a large sack on the latter's back. So vivid was the drawing that Hiccup burst out laughing at his dragon's innocence regarding the male bonding of two Vikings.

"That's good work, Toothless," praised Hiccup. The dragon simply tilted his head and shrugged, putting on an I'm-only-telling-it-as-it-is expression. Hiccup liked how Toothless looked at things. Though his dragonâ€¦wellâ€¦was a dragon, the reptile could sense the mood, make observations, and execute his own decisions. Even with minimal human interaction, Toothless still understood the feelings and contexts of the moment. If it weren't for Toothless' intervention, Hiccup would've never gottenâ€¦

Astrid came riding on her Nadder over the horizon. As she came closer, Astrid waved over at Hiccup, who smiled as his girlfriend approached him. As her dragon descended, Astrid's hair fluttered from the air displaced from her flight, and she landed at the side of her dragon with a flourish of her head. Walking over to Hiccup with her Nadder in tow, her eyes focused on the boy in front of her.

"Good morning, Hiccup," greeted the young Viking girl. "Feeling better?" Astrid leant down and gave Hiccup a peck on the cheek.

"I was feeling a bit sore," Hiccup started to say, smiling. "But, now I feel much better." Astrid giggled a bit; glad she could help alleviate some of Hiccup's pain. Standing directly in front of Hiccup, her dragon behind her, the wind stilled at Astrid's beauty, her hair falling over her shoulders, strands twisted about her face.

Hiccup sat there in a daze.

"I hope you had a nice refreshing run this morning." Astrid said with a smile. To bring herself to Hiccup's level, Astrid crouched down, and sat on the grass, directly facing him.

"I did," Hiccup returned. "And you, a good flight?"

"Of course," said Astrid, turning back to pet her Nadder. "Nothing but clouds and sunshine." Her Nadder perched behind Astrid, collapsed its wings, and crouched down, providing a seat for her. The scene was peaceful, both Viking teens quietly enjoying each other's company.

"How's the dragon roundup been going?" Hiccup asked offhandedly.

"It's been going well," Astrid answered. "From the looks of it, we've brought in most of the dragon's from the Dragon's Nest. We've even started seeing some wilder dragons"

"You mean the others from the manual," asked Hiccup.

"Yep, those ones," Astrid replied. "We're expecting that they might not be as easy to tame as the Gronckles, Nadders, Nightmaresâ€¦" She looked over at Toothless, now resting soundly. "Or even Night Furies." At this, Toothless stirred up abruptly, and stared down the naÃ¯ve Viking girl. The jet-black dragon, after a moment, simply flashed his oh-whatever-human expression and rested back on its arms.

"Sounds risky and dangerous," Hiccup commented, noticing his dragon's countenance.

"Not with a little bit of this," said Astrid nudging Hiccup's good foot.

"A little give and a little take?" asked Hiccup, wiggling his fake limb.

"I'm sure that won't happen again," assured Astrid, being a little bit more serious now. "We need you."

Hiccup smiled at the thought of being needed. Though the last weeks were filled with pain and soreness, Hiccup finally felt like belonging to Berk. At the very least, he made his mark in the history of the village. He changed the very nature of the their lifestyles from killing dragons to taming them. However, the people of Berk still hadn't changed their culture. Hiccup may have been a good engineer, but Gobber was both a builder and a bulky one at that, not to mention he had an extra lost limb on him. Hiccup may also have been smarter than Snotlout and Tuffnut, but they were still beefier. To his people, he was always lacking where strength was an importance. He was thankful that at there was an outlet to channel his skills to finally become something of a worthy Viking for his people. Finally, there was something his people needed from him. To be needed.

Hiccup picked up his sketchbook and started to draw the blond Viking girl in front of him. Astrid's figure was harder to make out than he

first anticipated for her spiked skirt and pauldrons obfuscated much of her feminine form. Not having too much experience with the human figure, Hiccup could only look and guess. Astrid noticed that Hiccup was glancing up and down from his book, and stilled herself. Both sitting down, they let the time pass, the quiet air settling into the day, only the sound of Hiccup's pencil along the page breaking the silence.

Minutes passed by. Hiccup had gotten the outline done, after several trials, and was about to draw in Astrid's face, but the shadow from her hair had completely darkened her eyes as the noon sun waded into position. With the sun now shining within his vision, Hiccup could not see Astrid's eyes. He wanted to finish his sketch, knowing that he's probably won't see her until they finished their dragon hunting expedition.

"Hey Astrid," blurted Hiccup, the blond Viking turning to face him. "Could you mov-"

Just then, a large, dragon-like figure swooped down close to them, creating a gust of wind that caught the two Vikings' hair in a draft and blew away Hiccup's sketchbook to the side. A low but feminine voice laughed from above as the now perceivable Zippleback came into view. In the eye of the sun, a darkened figure appeared, devilish horns protruding from its head. Hiccup squinted his eyes, trying to discern the person's features. However, the glare of the sun was too bright, making him lower his eyes. Just then, the horns fell off from the figure, leaving several locks of hair flowing in the wind. As the horns dropped onto the grass next to them, Hiccup recognized that the horns were just the ornaments from a cap, and a slight hollow hole seemed to develop in his chest as he realized to whom the hat belonged. The owner of the cap seemed to have noticed that her hat dropped, and guided her Zippleback to the ground with a dive. Before the dragon and the rider collided with the ground, the wings of the twin-headed dragon opened with a loud flap, slowing down the three entities to a safe landing between the two sitting Vikings. The heads of the Zippleback seemed peckish as their heads wandered to and fro. The blond, braided-haired girl on the split-headed beast seemed out of breath, but pleased and excited. The wind blew softly, lightly lifting the young woman's hair across her angular face. Almost as if the sylph of a being had only just noticed that two Vikings youths that were resting, awestruck, on the grass, she smiled deviously.

"Hey Astrid!" greeted Ruffnut. She turned over to Hiccup, her smile turning even wilier. "Hello Hick."

"Hiccup, thank you" corrected the young male, staring absentmindedly back Ruffnut. She simply dismissed him with the wave of her hand.

"Astrid, you won't believe what I caught Snotlout doing with my brother," said Ruffnut leaning into the puzzled Viking girl's ear. From that, Hiccup noticed that there was a large sack on the back of her Zippleback, the same one that Tuffnut carried. Not a moment later, Astrid burst out laughing, whispering secretly back and forth between Ruffnut. Given the mischievous girl's record, Hiccup could already fathom a guess at what happened when Ruffnut found the two stalwart male Vikings frolicking through the woods. The delinquent girl turned around and grinned at Hiccup, the recipient of the kind

expression unsure of what to make of her. Turning away, she ran, swooped up her hat, and mounted her dragon.

"Catch you two later," Ruffnut said before ascending to the skies. Coasting on the winds, she glided past sight, braids flickering in the wind. Hiccup felt the very small pit in his chest grow wider and deeper, stemming from something that he did to her. He tried to forget, but he couldn't.

"What was that about?" asked Hiccup, feigning curiosity.

"Girl talk," replied Astrid with a smile. She stood up, tenderly caressing her dragon. "I've got to go now. I might not be back tomorrow. We're in for an extended hunt." Unbeknownst to her, Hiccup already knew about the details of from his father, Stoick, who had planned the expedition. The truth was that Astrid was liable to be gone for a week or longer. Since the village had stabilized, much of the normal troubles that plagued Berk were gone, dragon raids and the like. In the few short weeks, after the defeat of the Red Death, the Viking people slowly changed from apprehension of incorporating dragons into their lives to being thoroughly crazed. His father, intrigued about taming dragons, set up a plan to bring in as many dragons as possible. Provisions were plentiful and not having to defend against dragons simplified saving provisions. As such, Stoick asked for volunteers. While many of the elder Vikings were wary, Astrid bounded at the opportunity to help her people's endeavors. This fervor was characteristic of Astrid. She always wanted to drive herself further, trying to be the best of the best. Due to her enthusiasm for the expedition, she drew the almost the entire village into the hunt, elders and teens alike. Hiccup always felt a bit detached from her when she was in the supergirl mood. Hiccup also felt demasculinated at times. He felt like he was being left behind because he couldn't keep up with her. He really didn't' know how to approach her, take her for a walk, dinner together, a date. Most of the time, Astrid would be the one to initiate, she being Astrid and all.

"Well good luck Astrid," bid Hiccup, secretly feeling inadequate. "Fly safe."

"Thanks Hiccup," Astrid answered. She walked over to Hiccup one more time and stooped down. She deeply pressed her lips to Hiccup's cheek and placed a hard kiss. "Try not to miss me."

With that, Astrid hopped on her Nadder and flew off. Hiccup stayed sitting there, watching as she went out of sight into the horizon. Hiccup was hit with an odd sensation, somewhere between content and joyous. Happy wouldn't quite be the right word. He wasn't exactly missing Astrid, but he wanted her to come back. Hiccup felt as if he hadn't been able to connect with her in the time they had been together. Although, Hiccup already knew a lot about Astrid, he still wasn't sure about her feelings. Perhaps, he needed to attack her from a different angle. On the other hand, maybe he should try to confirm what he thought he knew, so not to assume that he knew her already. Hiccup sat there mulling over and over what he could do when Astrid came back. The air was silent as he sat there, the sun drifting slightly across the open sky, beaming down on his head. Dead silence took over the serene field, the grass completely still. Only the soft breaking of waves from the ocean broke the silence. Lost in thought, Hiccup stared at the sky, thinking of anything he could do to move

his relationship with Astrid.

More time passed by. Only then did Hiccup notice that the sun had already started to set a bit. Late afternoon was upon him, and he jumped up, his metal leg thumping on the grass, not realizing how much time he had taken up in his trance.

"Okay Toothless," turning to his dragon. "It's time to go." The dragon scurried towards him, his sketchbook in his mouth. "Thanks Toothless," said Hiccup, taking the sketchbook from his mouth, putting the book in his vest. Mid-mount, Snotlout and Tuffnut swooped down on their Nightmare from the blue in front of Hiccup. Both of the Vikings were covered in soot, hair singed. Hiccup only stared at them for a moment, putting together the pieces.

"Hey Hiccup," Tuffnut huffed. "Have you seen my sister?" Hiccup slowly shook his head, lips pursed.

"Forget about her," Snotlout said. "We're already late."

"She better be there," Tuffnut blurted. "Whatever, let's just go." The two Viking males took off again, quickly dodging from sight.

"Wellâ€¦" Hiccup tried saying, grinning sheepishly. Toothless simply put on his what-just-happened expression. "Let's go home." Hiccup put his leg over the saddle and locked his peg foot into place on Toothless' side. The air still motionless, the rider pair raced their way through the skies, the rider deep in thought.

* * *

><p>As Hiccup entered the dining hall, he noticed that most of the tables were barren. Besides a few of the adults that stayed behind, most of Berk had left on their dragon hunt. In the hall, the only ones left were Bob, his wife, and old reliable Gobber. Bob and his wife were already leaving when Hiccup arrived. This left Gobber as the last one in the area. Gobber was enjoying a chicken leg skewered to his fork limb attachment when he heard the metallic clank as Hiccup's foot hit the stone floor. Gobber turned and saw the young Viking walking head down, a little slow in his step, with his Night Fury trailing slowly behind.<p>

"Well if it isn't the Dragon Prince himself," Gobber teased before tearing off a piece of chicken with his teeth. "What's got you down, Hiccup?"

"Oh nothing Gobber," said Hiccup with a pout. "I just feel like sometimes people don't tell me things or that they leave me behind."

"Don't worry about that stuff Hiccup," replied Gobber. "I'm sure that's just the trials of being you."

"What's that supposed to mean?" asked Hiccup.

"Well," Gobber began. "They'll not tell you something if they don't want to hurt your feelings, and they'll leave you behind if they don't think you're ready."

"Thank you for summing that up," Hiccup quipped, following his mentor to the meal fire, still cooking some fish and some bread. "I feel much better." Gobber grabbed a set a bellows and gestured Hiccup to sit on a nearby stool.

"Look, whatever it is, they probably have their reasons," Gobber said, blasting the embers of the fire with the bellows. The heat washed over Hiccup's face a little bit, the air suddenly hot, then cool.

"I just wish I weren't so left out of the loop sometimes," Hiccup said, fanning away the heat.

"Trials of being you, boy," Gobber remarked. "Let me see your foot." Hiccup extended his leg to allow Gobber to look at his stumped foot. After unwrapping the bandages, he closely examined the wound. Toothless came around and started sniffing his leg. "Aye looks better. But there's a still a little bit of bleeding and swelling."

"How much longer?" Hiccup asked.

"Maybe another month," Gobber replied. Hiccup hung his head, annoyed. "Shame you aren't a faster healer. I've got to change these bandages. Get something to eat while I go fetch some fresh ones." Hiccup watched as Gobber hobbled out of the hall. He didn't feel hungry at that moment, though Toothless looked ravenous. Sighing as he tossed a fish to his dragon, he wondered what he was going to do with himself while everyone was gone. Walking over to a table, he took out his sketchbook and flipped over to the sketch he started on Astrid. He wanted to start drawing her eyes, but he couldn't bring her visage in his mind. Sitting down, he stared at the drawing for a moment, trying to remember her eyes. Just trying to picture her cool, blueâ€¦

"Hey Hiccup!" exclaimed a familiarly low female voice behind him. Immediately followed was a hard slap to his back, causing Hiccup to lurch forward. Hiccup turned around from his seat and, to his surprise, saw the braided hair of none other than Ruffnut. Looking up, he could see that she was grinning happily, horned cap and all. Hiccup was troubled since he thought that she'd be joining the expedition. However, here she was in front of him.

"Uhâ€¦hi," Hiccup replied half-heartedly. He was guarded against her. After he started showing his affinity with dragons and executed his crazy, suicidal plan, Ruffnut had tried to come on to him, though Astrid was around to set her straight. Now that Hiccup was spoken for, he really wanted to make ends meet with his girlfriend. At the same time, every time he saw Ruffnut, he wanted to tell her the truth about what he did. He inherited the strange guilt that came from taking something from someone, guilt like having committed a petty crime, but against someone one knows. Hiccup could never tell her. There would simply be turmoil on all sides. As such, he simply looked back down into his sketchbook, focusing on the other girl he should've been focusing on.

"What's wrong with you?" Ruffnut asked, walking to the other side of the table to face him.

"Oh, nothing," Hiccup said. "Why ask?"

"You just seemed a little down, that's all," Ruffnut said, trying to seem concerned.

"What do you want?" Hiccup asked. He felt that Ruffnut was most likely going to try to make a move on him. However, this time, Astrid wasn't around to stop her.

"Well, I just wanted to tell you that we were talking with Snotlout and he said the only reason we liked you was that you had a cool dragon and you saved the worldâ€¦" Ruffnut said gesturing softly, her expression softening to one of offhanded neutrality. Hiccup wanted to roll his eyes. He already knew what she was going to say to comfort him, that they liked him for more than that. Just a ploy to get him to notice her.

"And wellâ€¦" Ruffnut hung there for a while, Hiccup awaiting the inevitable sad sap sucker punch. He buried himself deeper into his sketchbook, Ruffnut out of sight. "That's completely right."

Hiccup sat there looking into his book for a moment. He heard as Ruffnut got up to walk over to the meal fire. He took his head out of his book, watching Ruffnut walk, bewildered out of his mind. He fully wasn't expecting Ruffnut's frankness. Whatever the case, she wanted his attention, and she got his attention. She was good. Hiccup looked back down into his sketchbook. He didn't want to be allured by her again. He needed to focus his attention elsewhere. Having stared at the picture of Astrid all this time, he decided to try again and draw his girlfriend from memory. Looking up again, he saw Ruffnut at the meal fire. Flipping the page, he knew that he had to getâ€¦

A stunning render of Ruffnut was drawn on the page, her hat fallen off and hair swaying in the wind. The lines were bold, but the quality was soft. Ruffnut's feminine beauty and raw strength was bursting from the page. From head to toe, she was beautifully drawn from her complex braids to her eyes to the boots on her feet. Hiccup stared into his sketchbook for a moment, knowing that he did not draw the picture. Lifting his head back up, Ruffnut had taken a seat at the table with a plate of bread, smothered in honey. She took off her hat before eating, revealing the golden strands of hair from her head. In the background, he saw Toothless scarfing down another fish. His eyes met with his master's, exchanging looks of wonder. Toothless just shrugged, changing from his I-don't-know-human expression to his famous make-up-your-own-damn-mind expression. Toothless scurried away again, in typical Night Fury fashion, looking for more fish. Fate was simply playing with him now. Looking at Ruffnut again, she was happily enjoying her bread and honey. Perhaps, Hiccup thought, a little bit of small talk couldn't hurt.

"So, how's the bread, Ruff?" Hiccup asked casually, snapping his sketchbook shut and placing it in his vest.

"It's good." Ruffnut replied friendly. She gestured towards her plate. "Would you like some?"

"No, I'm good," Hiccup said awkwardly. "But thank you."

"You should really eat more Hiccup," Ruffnut commented. "Nothing wrong with bulking up a bit."

"Are you suggesting that I get meatier?" Hiccup asked.

"Actually, I personally think you're kinda cute," Ruffnut answered. "In a scrawny kind of way. Not like my brother who's just all bones, though."

"Well thanks," Hiccup said amused. "Astrid thinks I need to be more like Snotlout."

"Nah," Ruffnut said. "Snotlout's just a big meat head. She thinks you're fine."

"And she told you this?" Hiccup asked, surprised.

"Yeah, she said she likes that you're sweet and willing to go out of your way for her," Ruffnut told Hiccup.

"She said that, huh?" pondered Hiccup dreamily oblivious. Ruffnut seemed to be stifling back a laugh. "What's so funny?"

"Looks like she's got you whipped," observed Ruffnut with smile.

"What?" Hiccup said, disturbed. "She's not like that. I do things because she needs me." Ruffnut laughed.

"And I bet Astrid told you that," Ruffnut jested.

"You bet she did," Hiccup told Ruffnut indignantly. "In fact, she said you all needed me." Ruffnut burst out into more laughter. He felt embarrassed for some reason, for trying to defend himself against Ruffnut.

"Hiccup, you're such a sap," Ruffnut said, smiling widely. Hiccup really felt mortified now. "No one needs you except for maybe your dad and maybe granny. They depend on you to lead the village when you're older. You don't really know what Astrid means." Hiccup's face felt hot from her insinuating that he didn't know what his own girlfriend meant.

"If you know, then why don't you tell me what she means," commanded Hiccup, mixed somewhere between anger and despair. He didn't know what he felt so worked up in front of her. Ruffnut just rolled her eyes.

"When Astrid says that she needs you, that doesn't mean that she actually needs you. It's not that we need you," Ruffnut explained.

"We WANT you."

Hiccup calmed down, thoroughly perplexed, tipping his head. Ruffnut shook her head.

"Does Astrid need you to stay alive? Or does she want you to be by her side forever?"

Hiccup stared at Ruffnut for a moment, not completely sure if he was believing what he was hearing.

"Does Snotlout go dragging you into the forest because he needs you?

Or does he want you to come with him because he thinks you're cool?

Hiccup was at a loss for words.

"Does your dad need you to man up and take his place? Sure he does. But he also wants to make sure that you get on your feetâ€¦wellâ€¦foot properly."

Ruffnut took another bite out of her bread, Hiccup still speechless. A light breeze drifted through the hall, the torches wavering slightly. Introduced with a different perspective, Hiccup started to realize what Snotlout and Astrid were so detached. Snotlout wanted to invite him in the first place, but he didn't want him to strain his foot. Astrid wanted him to come along, but she was also considering his well being, so she didn't tell him so not to worry him. Sitting there, everything seemed so clear now.

"Thanks," Hiccup said.

"Hmmâ€¦" Ruffnut hummed carelessly.

There was still something that didn't quite add up. Hiccup didn't want to ask at first since he had his own problems with the subject. However, the reason now clear as to why he was left behind, that left another question.

"Why did you stay behind?" Hiccup asked bluntly. Ruffnut stopped eating as she heard the question. She was definitely bothered by the question. Thinking for an answer, Ruffnut seemed lost for the first time and looked down at the table. However, she quickly looked back at Hiccup, having found a sufficient answer.

"I wasn't needed," Ruffnut said, smiling, strained.

"Were you not needed or were you not wanted?" pressed Hiccup. Ruffnut took another moment before answering.

"Both," answered Ruffnut, still smiling.

"How do you know?" Hiccup asked.

"I know because I won't be missed," Ruffnut said nonchalantly. Though she was attempting to keep up the pretense of not caring, Hiccup could see what was seeded deep in her heart. Ruffnut, of all people, was lonely. He was familiar with the feeling. Being the outcast of the pack, he never quite fit in. After everything was said and done, Hiccup finally found his niche. Even though he may not have been very weak, he made up with his intelligence. Ruffnut, on the other hand, had a harder role to play. Since she was a girl, she wasn't blessed with the brute strength of Snotlout, Tuffnut, or Fishlegs. Between Astrid and Ruffnut, the latter wasn't nearly as talented as the Viking princess. Looking carefully at Ruffnut, he saw that she wasn't nearly as grizzled as she looked at first glance. Without her hat on, she looked actually very thin. Thinner than himself or even Astrid to be truthful. She also paid a great amount of attention to her hair, her braids always looking the exact same from day to day. He also noticed how thin and dainty her lips were.

Hiccup then began to grasp why he had been originally drawn to her

that time long ago. He wasn't able to understand the reason at first since he was driven by lust. However, now being able to see her clearly, he could finally search his feelings.

"I'm sure someone would miss you," Hiccup said to Ruffnut. She seemed amused by the thought.

"That person wouldn't happen to be you, would it?" Ruffnut asked playfully.

"You wouldn't be trying to come on to me?" Hiccup questioned back.

"Don't worry about it," Ruffnut said. "Astrid and I discussed it and I understand fully. I wouldn't want to interfere in your relationship. But that doesn't mean I can't think ahead, right?"

"Of course not," Hiccup replied. "But you have to admit that liking someone just because he has a cool dragon and saved the world is a pretty bad reason."

"Pfftâ€¦" Ruffnut huffed. "I liked you way before all this."

"Really?" Hiccup commented inquisitively. "When was this?" Ruffnut seemed to realized that she slipped in her attempt to out do Astrid in one respect. She was weighing the effect of telling the truth. Being Ruffnut, she decided to be truthful, but in the face of the confession, she tried to play it off.

"It's probably an even worse reason," Ruffnut stated. "It was just a dream I had one night."

"Tell me about it," Hiccup said, fully interested in what she dreamed. Ruffnut seemed to dally about for a moment, trying to figure how to depict her dream.

"I had a really weird dream about you, one night, when I fell asleep here," Ruffnut started. The torch above them in the back, flickered "In my dream, I was alone and the room was dark, except for one of the torches that were still burning. You came from out of nowhere stood next to me, just looking at me."

Hiccup's heart froze for a moment. She couldn't be describing that time. She just couldn't. Ruffnut had paused for a moment, trying to collect herself.

"You pulled my hair back," continued Ruffnut. "And you sat down next to me. You started kissing me. You started feeling me. You started making out with me like a man. I felt so amazing. I didn't want the dream to end. I wanted you to touch and kiss me more. But then you stopped, and walked away. I'm going to admit that I didn't feel that great at the end. I felt like I was just used by you and you threw me away after." Hiccup felt a very deep, dark pit open in his stomach.

"A really bad reason to like you, I know, especially with how it ended," Ruffnut added. "But, I really felt like I wanted you after the dream. It's just that you never really seemed interested me. Then the Astrid thing happened and I felt kinda lost." Hiccup stood up,

placing his palm to his face. Everything was too much right now.

"Yeah,, I know it was a weird dream."

Hiccup looked into Ruffnut's eyes. All his guilt came welling up. She deserved the truth, Hiccup thought, especially with how candid she'd been all this time.

"Ruffnut," Hiccup said. "What if I told you that it wasn't a dream?" She looked confused.

"Of course it was a dream," Ruffnut replied, standing up to face Hiccup. "You wouldn't just walk away after something like that."

"No, it wasn't a dream," Hiccup repeated. "I came to you that night and I took advantage of you while you were sleeping. I kissed you and I touched you and I left afterwards. I violated you. And then I threw you away." Ruffnut stared back at Hiccup, jaw hanging open.

"I don't believe you," Ruffnut rasped in a low voice.

"It's all true," Hiccup said. "I don't know how I can prove it, but I am telling you the trâ€¦"

Ruffnut grabbed Hiccup's head and pressed her lips to his, sealing a deep kiss, sucking on his lips. After a second, she let go and their lips parted. Ruffnut and Hiccup were staring at each other, eyes locked.

"You did kiss me!" Ruffnut exclaimed. "And then you left me for her!" She drew back her hand and slapped Hiccup straight across the face with all her might. Hiccup felt the pain searing on his cheek, staring now at the floor. He knew he deserved what he was coming to him. He expected Ruffnut to strike him for everything he did, and more. However, nothing prepared him for what was to come.

"Ruffnut, I know what I did was wrong but I think we can talk about this," Hiccup said, lifting his head after a moment. "All I can say now is that I'm sorâ€¦" He froze, not able to comprehend what he was seeing.

Tears were flowing from Ruffnut's eyes. Emotions of anger and sadness were mixed in a torrent of droplets. She was biting her lower lip, trying not to let loose sobs of heartache. Her face was contorting into molds of despair and pain, too horrifying to compare even with Hiccup's darkest nightmares. Everything unholy was but an annoyance to the image in front of him. He felt like a thousand needles were piercing unrelentingly into his very soul.

"Ruffnut, why are youâ€¦" Hiccup tried to ask, unable to come up with the appropriate words. He reached out to her involuntarily, but he stopped halfway, incapable of bringing himself to touch her. "â€¦pleaseâ€¦don'tâ€¦don'tâ€¦cryâ€¦please don'tâ€¦"

Just then, he heard the hall's doors open in the back, Gobber's hums could barely be deciphered as they drifted through. Ruffnut looked up at Hiccup, facing him with anger.

"We're finished talking," growled Ruffnut, tears still streaming down her face. She ran behind him to the door in the back, out of sight, braids flailing frantically. Hiccup wanted to follow her, to console her, to do something, but as she ran away, he felt more and more helpless. He felt hollow, as if everything he did amounted to nothing. He wanted to cry as well at that moment. Toothless came over to him, purring in a dragon-like way.

"Let's go," Hiccup told Toothless. The dragon tilted its head a bit. "Anywhere."

Feet locked in, they raced out of the hall. Gobber saw them, and tried to hail them.

"Hiccup! Wait!" Gobber yelled. "Hiccup!"

Gobber's yells fell on deaf ears. Flying into the skies, Hiccup wanted to be anywhere but there. The sun had just started a fall, setting the sky aflame is a brilliant hue of yellow. He felt as if he was burning inside and he needed to think.

Gobber tried to follow, but he was left on the ground, holding a roll of bandages. He shook his head and went back inside. Grumbling to himself as he combed the table, he noticed that one of the tables was left unkempt. Underneath the torch, on the table was left a plate, soiled with breadcrumbs and honey, and a four-horned hat, tipped on its side.

* * *

><p>On the rocky cliff, Hiccup sat silently as he watched the sunset. By that time, dusk had arrived, the sun just barely over the horizon. The skyline was ignited with dazzling flames of red. The area around the sun was pulsating in violent waves of power. From up above, twilight was crushing the small expanse of color. High above, the moon, full and pale, came into view, still too light for the satellite's glow to illuminate the Earth. Far in the background, he could see Berk right smack in between the two. The air was deathly quiet, not even the breaking waves could be heard. He and his dragon were enveloped by their own solitude in the slowly fading day.<p>

Ruffnut's weeping visage was burned into his mind. Every time he tried to bring his wits about, he imagined her eyes filled with tears, caused by his actions. He didn't know what he should have done or what he could do now. He didn't have any answers.

"What do you think buddy?" Hiccup asked Toothless. The dragon, unaccustomed to human relationship problems, simply put on his just-do-it face. Hiccup sighed, unsure of what he should do. The sun was already below the horizon now. The cool dark blue sky was looming over him. The moon glowed brightly in the crisp night summer air. Normally, he'd figure out some stupid plan to hopefully solve his problems. Then again, his stupid plans rarely ever worked. The only option that he had left was to do something crazy.

Just then, in the sky, he saw the dark figure of a two headed dragon far in the background above the silhouette of Berk. The cool breeze blew over Hiccup's face, hands, and his stump. He stood up, having formulated a plan now, one that he would most likely regret in some

way. Do or die, now was the time.

"Alright Toothless," Hiccup said, walking over to him. "I'll take a page out of your book." He hopped on his dragon, and they both climbed into the sky, soaring high above. There were a great many ways his plan could go wrong, but he was more than willing to take the risk. Flying towards Berk, out of sight above the clouds, he took care to make sure not to leave any shadows below. When he was sure he above the village, he slowly lowered just below the clouds, searching for the twin headed dragon. He took about a minute to search for the Zippleback, and, as he guessed, Ruffnut was also on the dragon, her braids fluttering in the wind. Hiccup dove down right in after them. As they got close, the moon cast the flit of the Night Fury's shadow, and Ruffnut looked up just as they reached her level.

"Ruffnut!" yelled Hiccup from above. "We've got to talk!"

"Go back to your girlfriend Hiccup!" Ruffnut yelled back. "I know when I'm not wanted!"

"But you've got it all wrong!" Hiccup yelled. "You've got to let me explain!"

"Explain it to Astrid!" she bellowed. "I'm done!" Ruffnut swerved away from Hiccup.

"Well I'm not!" Hiccup yelled, following her. When he was to her side, a little above, Hiccup set Toothless' tail down and unfastened from his dragon. Toothless could only flash his I-hope-you-know-what-you're-doing expression before Hiccup jumped to his side and landed on the Zippleback, startling both the double headed monster and the rider, Ruffnut. She held onto the farther head, trying to distance herself from Hiccup.

"What are you doing!" Ruffnut yelled. "Get off!"

"Not until you've heard what I have to say!" Hiccup said, standing on the Zippleback.

"Ruffnut, back then when I did what I did, I was out of my mind. I didn't know what I was doing. You were just an ugly, bad girl who hung out with her brother and pull pranks on people." Ruffnut rolled her eyes at that, still holding onto her dragon's head. They were now flying over the forests of Berk.

"But something happened that night and I really saw you. The real you. I couldn't control myself. I needed to kiss you . I needed to touch you. My body needed you. And I felt happy then when I took you when you were asleep. But I also felt guilty. Guilty because I thought I did something to you based on feelings that weren't true."

"You're a liar, Hiccup?" Ruffnut bellowed, tears starting to stream out. "If you felt anything for me, you wouldn't be going out with that girl of yours!"

"That's not true!" Hiccup rebutted. "The hunger I felt for you. The yearning. I thought that I only desired your body. I felt that I couldn't be with you because I was just being a guy who wanted a girl to squeeze. But today, you showed me that I was wrong. There was more

to you. You showed me that others needed and wanted me. You showed me how wrong my thoughts were. You showed me the truth, and I felt you deserved the truth in return. That's why I told you the truth today. I thought that you deserved to know someone wants you too."

"Shut up Hiccup!" Ruffnut cried. "No one wants me!"

"I want you!" yelled Hiccup.

"You lying bastard!" Ruffnut cried louder. "Why would you want me?"

"Because I love you!" Hiccup yelled, confessing from the bottom of his heart. Ruffnut stared back at Hiccup, shocked by his declaration. Both of them were breathing heavily from all the yelling that had been done. Ruffnut started to blush a deep tint of red and looked away, unable to keep eye contact. Her face turned quickly to one of panic as she pulled at her dragon's neck. Hiccup noticing, looked to the front, but he was too late. The dragon hit a rock in front and Hiccup was launched into the oasis, the same oasis that held Toothless captive. Flung into the oasis, Hiccup hit another rock going down, snapping off the metal tip of his foot and getting part of his shirt ripped off a jagged edge. Any additional force drove Hiccup into the pond in the center of the oasis.

"Hiccup!" yelled Ruffnut, full of concern. She rushed her Zippleback into the oasis, stopping next to the center pond. Getting off her dragon, throwing off her vest, she dove into pond and found Hiccup flailing in the water. Even though the pond wasn't very deep, the lack of his other leg made swimming difficult. Diving deeper, she grabbed Hiccup, swimming back up with him. Breaching the water, Ruffnut dragged Hiccup out of the water, along the grass, and propped him up on a rock.

"Hiccup, are you okay?" Ruffnut asked, taking off his vest. Hiccup coughed, spitting out some water, eyes closed, still a little insensible. She continued, pulling off his shirt, revealing a small gash centered on his chest. Nothing fatal. She looked him down quickly, realizing that his bad leg was leaking blood from the stump. Thinking quickly, she unwound the wrappings around her stomach and repurposed them as bandages for Hiccup's leg. Taking a minute, she tightly wrapped Hiccup's stump and made sure to stop the bleeding. She took off Hiccup's other boot as Hiccup finally came to.

"Ruff," Hiccup said. Ruffnut brightened up. "I'm fine. Don't worry." He tried to lean forward, but coughed a little more, spewing a little bit more water.

"Take it easy, Hiccup," Ruffnut told Hiccup, trying to attend to him the best she could, pushing him back onto the rock. "You took a hard hit."

Hiccup took a few hard breaths before calming down. He didn't notice for some time that Ruffnut had cupped his hand in hers. Her warmth was radiating from them. When he noticed, she let go, looking away, blushing a bit.

"Thanks," Ruffnut said, after a moment had passed.

"I should be the one thanking you," Hiccup said, surprised.

"I mean thanks for going out of your way to tell me," Ruffnut said.

"You deserved the truth," Hiccup said solemnly. "And a lot more. I'm sorry I can't offer you more."

"You gave me plenty, Hiccup," Ruffnut stated.

The wind blew through the oasis, gently wrapping the two teens in a soft embrace. The Zippleback had been waiting patiently by the pond, watching them. The two heads seemed to be debating the event occurring in front of them.

"The wind is nice now," Hiccup said, letting the air wash over his bare chest, causing the gash in his chest to sting slightly.

"It is," Ruffnut agreed, taking off her boots, stretching out to let them feel the breeze.

The two teens sat quietly in each other's company. The air was nice and as the wind swept through more furiously, their bare skin was caressed softly by the intangible touch. The moonlight was now bathing over the oasis, casting a soft radiance over everything in sight, especially on them. Having been thoroughly soaked, the wind dried their bodies with the help of their natural heat, but their hair was still wet. Hiccup's hair fell limp over his shoulders, disturbed over the agitation of being pulled out of the pond. The excess water intertwined within the strands dragged down Ruffnut's hair, though braided. Though both were a mess, neither cared. The two of them then looked at each other, eyes locked. As far as either was concerned, the other was irresistible at that moment.

"Hiccup," Ruffnut started, wondering if the question was appropriate. "Why do you love me?" Hiccup smiled.

"Because you are a beautiful, smart, kind woman," Hiccup stated in a warm tone. Ruffnut smiled and blushed a deep shade of red, giggling as she did. Hiccup felt a great happiness from just from seeing her smile.

"And that's also the reason you want me?" Ruffnut asked, still blushing.

"You bet it is," Hiccup said. Ruffnut looked down at the grass, not sure how to reply. After a moment, she stood up and looked down at Hiccup.

"Well, if you want meâ€¦" Ruffnut started to say. She grabbed the hem of her shirt and slowly pulled her clothes off, revealing her delicate form underneath. In the soft glow of the moon, her breasts were still slightly wet from having dove into the pond. From her chest down to her hips, she was elegant and stunning. Her braids just fell over her chest, complementing her bare body. Hiccup was frozen by her magnificence as she got on her knees and leaned into him.

"Take me," Ruffnut whispered. She then embraced Hiccup from the chest down. Feeling her warm bare skin against his, Hiccup felt a rush of excitement through his body. In the center of his chest dripped a

sliver of blood so Ruffnut drew out her tongue and licked the vitae from his chest, swallowing what she caught in her mouth. As her tongue ran cross his chest, he felt his blood rush from his heart to his legs, causing a part from below to rise in anticipation. "So manly."

Ruffnut kissed Hiccup deeply on the lips, sucking hard on each other's kiss, one of Hiccup's hands on the back of her head, the other around her chest. As they kissed, Ruffnut's hand explored downward, finding his pants. As she pulled them down, his spear flicked up from eagerness of what was to come. Breaking their kiss, Ruffnut crawled down to below his waist, staring at the spear before her. The skin on the top was breaking away slightly, stiff and impatient for stimulation. Ruffnut lightly licked the tip of his penis, causing his muscles to tighten slightly from the sensation. Using her hands, she peeled back the foreskin, revealing the head, and stared as the veins were throbbing in wait. She looked back up at Hiccup's face, which was in complete astonishment and thrill. Keeping eye contact, she started to lick him up and down, moving one hand to fondle his manhood while the other pulled his pants completely off. Hiccup started to breath harder as his member felt the warmth of her tongue. Smiling deviously, she kissed and sucked on the head for a moment before immersing his entire penis in her mouth. Hiccup reeled back a little as the pleasure from feeling her tongue wrapping around his member causing his penis to completely stiffen. Going in and out a few times, Ruffnut finally relented, taking her mouth from his blood-pulsing penis.

"How was that Hiccup?" asked Ruffnut, smiling intensely.

"That was amazing, Ruff," replied Hiccup in daze, breathing fast.

Ruffnut got up again, and slowly took off her pants, slowly revealing her hips, then her rose, all accentuated in the light of the pale moon. Hiccup blushed for the first time, almost wanting to look away. Slipping out of her pants, she stood directly over Hiccup and his spear. She slowly crouched down and placed her wet blossom on the spearhead. The anticipation was high for both of them. Ruffnut grabbed both of his hands and held them tightly, Hiccup squeezing her hands tightly in return. They stared at each other one last time, on the point of no return. They both smiled at each other, placing their convictions in each other. After another moment, Ruffnut closed her eyes and lowered herself onto Hiccup.

Hiccup heard Ruffnut gasp sharply. He could feel that the initial resistance was gone and her clutching harder to him. She enclosed his entire penis now, enveloping him with an unreal heat. However, looking at Ruffnut, she seemed to be wincing in pain.

"Are you okay Ruffnut?" Hiccup asked, worried that she might be in pain.

"I'm fine," Ruffnut said, smiling. "This is how the first time should be." Hiccup looked down and saw that dark red blood was seeping from her deflowered bud. Ruffnut lifted herself up slightly, and let herself drop again. Sliding in and out, Hiccup felt pleasure like he'd never felt before. Ruffnut was breathing harder now, fighting past the initial pain as she felt the pleasure of Hiccup entering her repeatedly. As she raised and lowered, more blood started to flow,

her braids bobbing up and down, her breasts bouncing in a circular motion. After a few minutes, she slowed down, breathing heavily, blood still seeping out, fully taking Hiccup's spear.

"Do you want to rest Ruffnut?" asked Hiccup, similarly feeling he might not last if they didn't stop. Ruffnut shook her head, leaning down to his ear.

"I want bottom," Ruffnut whispered to Hiccup before beginning to kiss him passionately. Hiccup, obliging, embraced her and turned her on her back onto the grass. Still locked in a kiss, he started to pull out and thrust into Ruffnut with a slow rhythm. For a few minutes, Hiccup kept his pace, feeling as the blood and juices below built up and allowed him to slide easily in and out, though still tight. As he got used to the position, Hiccup started thrusting faster until Ruffnut started moaning.

"Is this alright Ruff?" asked Hiccup.

"This is perfect," whispered Ruffnut, moaning some more. Hiccup smiled at his partner's pleasure. They were both enjoying being so close to each other, their souls as close as they could make them. For a few minutes, he kept going in and out, feeling as her body undulated under him.

Hiccup pushed himself up, still thrusting in and out. Taking a glance at her body, he could see as her body pulsated in overlap to his motion, her breasts jiggling slightly as she moved, her braids fallen to the side. Taking his hands, he squeezed her breasts, messaging them in a circular motion, lightly running his finger over her nipples. Ruffnut looked even more pleased as he caressed her breasts softly. Leaning down to her chest, he sucked lightly on her nipples, causing them to go erect from the sucking sensation. Ruffnut started to moan louder now with each thrust. After a few more minutes, she motioned him closer. Leaning in closer, she whispered softly.

"Harder Hiccup. Faster. Deeper."

Hiccup, driven by her, increased his speed and power. Ruffnut wrapped her arms around his neck and locked her legs around his waist. The faster that Hiccup went, the louder she would moan and the faster she would breathe. In turn, Hiccup thrust even faster, entranced by her cries. Hiccup could feel as his pleasure began to peak, readying to climax. Similarly, Ruffnut was reaching the point where she was nearly screaming. In and out. Hiccup thrust as deeply as he could, skin meeting skin. Hiccup felt the pleasure nearly exploding, trying to keep up a little bit longer, holding his breath.

With one last thrust, Hiccup finally let go, feeling as if everything that was held back was released. Ruffnut screamed with pleasure, her entire body shivering in his embrace, gripping even more tightly to Hiccup as if to never let go. She could feel as his precious bodily fluids filled the cavity in her hips, truly feeling him inside her. Similarly, he could feel as warm fluids flowed and washed over his member and shaft. A feeling like none he had ever felt. Ruffnut whimpered a little as her shaking subsided. They both were breathing heavily, collapsed on each other, both tightly in each other's embrace. Faces close to each other, they smiled at each other and shared another kiss.

"I love you Hiccup."

"I love you too, Ruff."

* * *

><p>Still in an embrace, the two were lulled to sleep by the beating of their hearts, still deep within each other. Blood, juices, and fluids were mixing together and seeping out slowly as they maintained their intimate proximity. The Zippleback in the back, having witnessed what happened, could only stare. One of the heads gave an what-is-this-I-don't-even look while the other bonked the other on the head, giving a you-are-a-dunce expression. Knowing that they'd probably have to drag both of them back, they patiently waited for the sun to rise and the morning to break.<p>

* * *

><p>Gobber stared at the broken metal foot that he crafted for Hiccup. Then he looked at the two teens in front of him, hair strewn, clothes ripped, laces hastily tied. Both of them looked as if they just fell down a ditch, or something to that effect as Gobber gathered. Ruffnut had brought Hiccup to the shop on her Zippleback. She helped Hiccup off and helped him limp his way in.<p>

"Kids," Gobber lamented. "Well, bring him along." Gobber grumbled, turning around, looking at his broken work. The teens looked at each other, smiling. Hiccup, arm around Ruffnut's neck, drew her closer into an embrace. In return, Ruffnut squeezed harder around his waist, playfully keeping him up. Hiccup faced Gobber again, trying to not look too suspicious.

"So does that mean I'll be out another month?" Hiccup asked, half interested.

"Nope," Gobber replied. "I already calculated that you'd do something stupid like this. You're definitely your father's son. Stubborn and rash."

Gobber pulled out a spare metal foot that he fashioned in anticipation of Hiccup's recklessness. Ruffnut helped him onto the table, making sure he was comfortable. He snapped the foot in place, placed the proper screws, and checked for stability. Going over one more time, he placed Hiccup back on his feet. Toothless' head popped into the shop, looking for his rider.

"Hey Toothless," Hiccup said waving over to his dragon.

"Go ahead Hiccup," Gobber said. "Break it in."

He walked over his dragon and mounted him, testing out the leg as dragon and rider rose into the sky.

"I tell you Ruffnut, with the way things are, he'll probably inherit his father's ways with women," Gobber remarked.

"What do you mean?" asked Ruffnut curiously.

"I'm pretty sure you've heard of how Stoick got Hiccup's mother,"

Gobber said. Ruffnut shook her head. "Well, his mother and Stoick got into a fight once. Stoick chased after her before she was sick of him. Like a brute, she got her alone, pushed her down, and used those three words." Ruffnut stared at Gobber for a moment, the storyteller still reminiscing.

"You can imagine what happened after," Gobber chuckled, Ruffnut amused. "They were together from till that day she died."

"Really?" Ruffnut asked.

"Really," Gobber confirmed. "Probably nice for Astrid to have some security, eh? Not to mean that you won't find someone.?

Ruffnut simply smiled.

"I'm not worried at all," Ruffnut said. She looked back to Hiccup flying in the sky with Toothless, the wind blowing through the shop window. She smiled deviously yet again.

"I'm not one to be pushed down, though," Ruffnut stated as she walked out, looking up at Hiccup as he flew. Eyes meeting, he returned with his own devious smile. The wind blew softly, encircling both of them in the warm, fine morning. Diving down close to the ground, a blast of air blew Ruffnut's hair up as Hiccup carved close to the ground. Hopping on her Zippleback, she followed Hiccup into the horizon, wind blowing freely as they soared.

End
file.